Cold Night Shivers

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Cold Night Shivers

by MintyEcco

Summary

With the continued experience of lost time Will is mortified to discover that it not only happened again, but that he ended up on Doctor Hannibal Lecter's doorstep soaked in sweat and freezing.

Notes

Mayhaps I have a thing for a more overtly caring Hannibal. Though who wouldn't given what all happens to Will.

It always starts when he's asleep.

That's the common root of it all.

At least Will likes to convince himself that's it. He had been sleepwalking after all, but it was getting worse.

He could tell it was getting worse at least.

And if he could tell who else could?

Jack?

Alana?

If they did, they certainly didn't know how to show it.

Unless this was all some big experiment of theirs.

Some grand plan to use him as a means to an end. Jack gets his special investigator and Alana gets her next project.

It was perfect, but it was paranoid. And he couldn't be paranoid about this. If he was, no one would believe him. They'd discount him as just another loon out of the bin.

He couldn't have that happen. Not now, not after all that he's done.

He's helping people! He needs to keep helping people.

If he's not doing that, then what's the point of all this?

An excursion of his life where he barely saved *enough* lives?

No, he wouldn't have it that way.

He was going to make it through this. Hell or high water no one was going to put him away for his- quirks.

Not now.

Not ever.

As these fractured thoughts float through his half-asleep head he suddenly feels something hard in front of him.

Gasping for breath he looks around, now shivering rather than sweating he freezes as he realizes he's no longer in bed.

Rather he was far *far* away from home, and had somehow made his way over to Hannibal's house.

His skin crawled with the horror of this realization with the implications that he'd somehow made what could be the equivalent of a two hour drive on foot.

Had he driven? That had a whole other slew of problems to it if he had.

Was that even possible? It'd only seemed to be sleep walking up until now.

Froze in shock with this revelation he didn't catch when Hannibal's figure appeared in the window.

His eyes, looking Will up and down, quickly deducing that something was very wrong.

Not only was he wearing nothing but a t-shirt and boxers in what was arguably quite chilly weather, but also had on no shoes.

With quick precise strides he makes his way over to the front down and practically throws it up.

Will flinching back in response, the concrete grinding against the feet as he does, as his heart jumps in his throat at Hannibal's sudden appearance.

Of course he'd notice him on the stoop of his front door, but he'd still hoped he wouldn't.

"You've gotten worse, Will." Hannibal states, concern oozing from his voice as his eyes again probe over Will's figure. The minutiae of the situation now becoming clear to him as it's quite easy to catch the dirt and blood that covers Will's legs.

As he motions for the still mortified Will to enter he adds, "Please, you're always welcome here, Will. I don't mind the intrusion I assure you. Especially when it comes to such," he pauses, placing a hand on Will's shoulder and gives him a light shake making Will's attention snap back to him. "arduous circumstances."

Will dazedly nods his head as he feet go from the harsh cold of the concrete to the surprising warmth of hardwood.

Letting Will take a few steps inside Hannibal carefully lifts up his right arm and drapes it over his shoulders.

Will gives him a startled glance at it but begins to lean against him as they move forward.

Reaching the stairs without a word Hannibal hoists Will up till he's holding him bridle style.

Too tired to protest Will melts into the actions. Losing himself in Hannibal's warm against his frozen skin.

"It will be alright, Will." Hannibal comforts, "We're almost there."

As they climb the towering stairs Will rest's his head against Hannibal's chest. The soft thumping of his heart filling Will's ears until he begins to be lulled into a sense of comfort.

He'd found his way to safety without even knowing it, and his body was so tired of having it's guard up.

So as they crept up those carefully placed steps he lost himself in sleep.

Finally being met by the cold welcoming void he longed so much for.

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The first thing that comes to him is the smell of eggs. Then the dappling of sun light that dances across his face while the sound of rain beats against the winds. Until finally the aches and pains of his body hit him like a truck and his groans in agony.

His feet feel as if they've been stretched and pulled while the whole body sensation of weakness weighs him down like a rock on his stomach.

Opening his eyes taking such effort that he's barely able to muster the strength to do so.

"Ah good," he hears from his right, "You're up."

Hannibal's precise steps consuming any other noise in the room as he makes his way over to the bed. A hand suddenly pressing up against Will's forehead making his shudder with the force.

"I was worried I would have to tell Jack that you'd been sleeping here for three days when he came calling." Hannibal mutters, his thumb running across Will's forehead as he notes how hot he feels.

"Its been three days?" Will gasps, trying to sit up but finding Hannibal forcing him back down.

"Easy there, Will. We don't want you over exerting yourself now." He attempts to soothes, noticing Will's breathes beginning to pick up speed. "We don't need you having another episode so soon."

"Does Jack know I'm here? Does anyone!" Worst case scenarios began to flood his head as he practically could see how Jack was going to react to this. His eyes starting to dart around the room as he does.

"No, you haven't been called onto a case yet. The killers of the world have seemingly decided to give you enough time to recover." Hannibal muses, his hand running down from Will's forehead to his chin as he lifts his head up to meet his gaze. His fingers brushing against his signature stubble that had taken the chance of inactivity to grow more fully in, providing Will with a more messy look that Hannibal couldn't help but find endearing.

Will freezes up at this action.

It was so- *personal* for Hannibal to do.

This whole thing was so personal Will couldn't help but pull back from the touch now.

He'd invaded Doctor Lecter's life and just *expected* to be cared for.

It was cruel of him to not immediately try to leave.

"I'm sorry for all this, Doctor. I didn't mean to push our- doctor patient relationship."

Hannibal's eyebrow quirks up at that, "On the contrary, Will, I'd say that we have long since passed that point. I hope you understand while I am your therapist I find myself caring more and more for you as a friend."

"So I'm not- intruding on your hospitality?"

Standing back up Hannibal fetches a tray he'd set aside just for this moment. Placing it out in front of Will he remarks, "A few days ago, when you appeared on my porch, I told you that it was no trouble at all to help you. Do you think I would have let you stay here like this if it was?"

"You certainly have a knack for being polite." Will sarcastically mutters, picking up a fork and prodding at the eggs.

Emitting a low chuckle Hannibal nods, "Politeness can only extend so far though. However, for you will this has become more than mere courteousness."

Will again stills, carefully eyeing Hannibal over as he waits to see what he's getting at.

He wouldn't mind being closer to the doctor, but there was something deeper to those words that he wasn't so sure about.

"I care about *you*, Will. I do not want to see you continue down this self destructive spiral you seem to be stuck on." His hand carefully places itself on Will's leg and gives it a light squeeze. "I don't care what it costs Jack, as you're therapist and as you're friend I have to recommend you stop working with the FBI."

Will stares at his hand in sudden befuddlement, but doesn't try to pull away. It was a comforting sentiment to be sure, and not totally out of left field, but still odd to hear come out someone's mouth. After all, it'd always been him against the world it seemed like, so to have a companion against it was startling turn of events yet a welcomed one. Even though, it wasn't going to happen. "You know just as well as I do that's not possible."

"I'd say it is." Hannibal corrects, Will noting how despite his unchanging face his statement had seemingly wounded him. He'd extended his advice to him as a therapist and friend, and it'd been ignored.

"Jack won't allow it." Will flatly states, seeing no further reason to talk about this as he'd been sought out for a reason. He was a prized jewel in the FBI's collection now, and they simply couldn't function without him.

At least he hoped not.

“I can make him see reason.” Again Will felt a squeeze at this leg with those words. It hurt, of course, with the strain his muscles had seemingly taken, but the feeling of physical contact was still– nice.

Will’s brow furrows as it becomes unarguable that Hannibal was stuck on this issue. “Even if you try it won’t work. Jack’s grown too reliant on me, you know that.”

“Then you need time off, Will. This won’t go away unless we change things.”

“We?” Will questions without thinking.

Hannibal stares straight through him before repeating with startling intensity, “*We*.”

A chill runs down Will’s spine as his voice rips through his body. So surreally stern yet with that added edge of care it was intoxicating to listen to, and he couldn't help but find himself getting pulled in by it all.

He clearly wasn’t going to get rid of Hannibal anytime soon he could tell, and even then he wasn't sure if he wanted to now. The maintained want to care for him hitting him somewhere he hadn't felt in many years.

Letting out a heavy sigh he begins to build a plan to get out of this situation, “We can talk to Jack eventually, but we should look into– other avenues before we do.”

“You’re so certain he wouldn’t let you go without a fight, or is it that *you* won't go without a fight?

Will stabs at an egg in frustration. Of course Hannibal would get to the root of the issue sooner or later, but it still stung to hear that question flung at him. So he indulges the darker side of this talk, not like the Doctor was going to let it go now. “If I let go now was it all worth it? Or will all the pain be for nothing? I’m saving lives now at least, not just protecting my own."

Hannibal sighs at this confession, “It seems we have more to talk about in therapy then.” Taking a moment to consider his options now he relents to Will’s wishes, “We can begin addressing it without concerning Jack for now.”

Will feels himself relax then, giving Hannibal a thanking nod as he begins to busy himself by eating the eggs that he’d been graciously provided.

“If things seems like they’re going too far, however, I will be forced to alert Jack. Officially I am still your therapist after all, Will.”

An amused smile following this comment on Will’s face as he retorts, “Well you’re very good at ensuring the safety of your patients, doctor.”

The smile he received, in turn, for his remark brining up this odd sensation of delight. Knowing that someone could look at him and strive to show him such care was comforting.

Yet he couldn’t help but feel uncertain about this new territory they were beginning to occupy outside of patient doctor territory, but found himself intrigued by where it would go.

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